

# El-P, Truancy

(El-P)

I became toxic allotted in badly shaded cement fuselages  
of juvenile non-approval and loosely smoker's school cut abandonment  
Where great expected movement tossed itself to the brain otters and shakily  
faded in my timeline to something honestly hard to stand  
(if that's not a booby trap) I would muse, stepping on Nike Uptown abuse  
Yeah the darkest blue swoosh and cathartic ruse faction of, a B-Boy enacted  
as truly city all-bomber and my thoughts followed the color chart on the  
A-train country, hovering under the A-Frame structures bloody  
And if I closed my optics I could trace the lines lovely they said: You'll  
start your life between pause tape slices and muddy  
kicks that lick the salt off your neck  
and its more than apparent your portable parent with the  
built-in mic might like sinister syllable smart tongue more than your  
teachers do, that's two schools booted from on some dumb shit  
young menace, get the message, bad medicine, restless, sad jettison rejection  
had to endith the lesson  
I used to do an impression of Buff after lunch outside the cage, making faces  
Kelley green with envy grimace, that's my gimmick  
went with truancy and the bad apple, and it slowly formed my spirit  
so when I couldn't fit the scholastic structure of my peers I didn't fear it  
(and it was) air brush on the pants leg and, name cut in the back of the head and  
cipher in the subway without money in my pocket then  
recognize this is the new truth, we refuse to suckle the empires ruse  
original box-cutter walker who talk to rebuild a new living proof  
see me as a banshee, as the illest motherfucker since Oedipus  
monkey number one million with a typewriter, flipping tempest text  
left evidence, simple-headed vagrants try to chase where Forest's feather went  
darts exit us, and still leave enough alive to join the exodus  
fresh as fuck, best of luck, better lead banality rally quest  
stuck writer might flip, vvvvrooom! Excitebike bitch  
enter the hellafied Fat-Boys-slash-BDP hybrid founder of  
militant anti-mime fraction, operate on the fringes of establishment  
binge on erratic shit, fabric knit, got you riverdancing in lederhosen for woodchips  
step into the Def Jux office auditions like: "sausage"  
Jam Master Jay would've shot you (I stopped him)  
Sorcerer, nitroglycerin in truck driving through rainforest unstable  
Rawkus was like, "we're gonna take this label to another level"  
(fuck that) I'm gonna take this level to another label  
Anti-pop composer, sonically robbing the nation  
when I strap on a blue cardigan we can be neighbors (do lasers)  
water douse fire now, fire bad, fire blank at bastard Bladerunner bliss  
shotgiven(miss), another bargain bin opportunity moment clipped  
I was a B-Boy once, I really gave a fuck (still do)  
When you were trading episodes at laser tag academy I was applying  
for most sinister mister brainfuck crown confront  
The loudest son of the transistor rubble box  
damage and shit like open-handed palm brandishing  
letting the hurt live where it landed... Like that

(chorus)

This is for New Jacks trying to decide where they fit (get busy)  
Destroy the walls when you spit  
For writers with a Krylon image brain print (translate it)  
Leave your name dripping from bricks  
For cats who covet fame with my name on their lips (re-think it)  
you're sucking poison milk from fake tits  
This is for kids worried about the apocalypse (do something)  
Prepare yourself and stop talking shit